MAGIC EXPLAINED.

THE STAR TRICKS OF HINDOO CONJURERS MADE EASY.

The Mango Trick Explained by Kellar, the Magician—It Is the Same Which Globe Trotter Stevens Claims Is Miraculously Performed by Yogi Men.

The sleight of hand performances of Mr. Maskelyne, a remarkably clever juggler, have excited a great deal of interest in London. Not only are his tricks skillfully done, but his explanations of other tricks have attracted much attention among a class of men who seldom visit the halls where feats of this sort are presented.

The Mail and Express recently published an article from the London Spectator in which the writer describes one or two tricks which he saw in India and which mystified him greatly. Here is one, which, by the way, is described by Thomas Stevens, the globe trotter, who says that the Yogi men, who perform it, are aided by an occult force that the world is as yet ignorant of.

A juggler placed a cloth over the pavement of the street, and presently he removed it, and there was a mango growing between the stones. "The juggler," adds the writer, "one of the hereditary caste, did undoubtedly make a leaf spring out of the ground; did make it grow into a dwarf mango, and did hand the mango from it to be eaten. It looked wonderful because of the apparent simplicity of the juggler, but he performed his feat in four processes, and between each he shook out his chudder, or muslin wrapper, so that it passed for an instant between the spectators and the plant. The writer had no doubt then and has no doubt now that this was done not to conceal anything, but to distract attention momentarily; that the first leaf, the upgrowth of leaves, the dwarf mango and the mango on it were all of wax or other carefully made imitation, and that the whole miracle was marvelously rapid sleight of hand."

To Americans who are interested in this sort of thing this mystery is almost amusing. It was exposed several years ago by Kellar, the prestidigitateur. Four or five years ago Kellar publicly offered $1,000 to any one who would perform a trick which he could not duplicate and which he could not prove to be done by wholly human aids. A number of persons who had recently visited India immediately deluged him with descriptions of this and other specimens of oriental jugglery. Of course as they could not perform the trick themselves they did not compete for his money offer, and therefore they were not publicly answered.

Kellar, however, gave me personally a full explanation not only of these tricks, but of several others which have long baffled the cleverest of the occidental investigators. The magician has spent more than 15 years of his professional life in India and the far east, and he has closely studied the tricks of the native jugglers with more or less profit to himself. This is how he explained the mango or pineapple trick as nearly as I can recall it:

"The first time I saw the mango trick," said he, "was in Bombay in 1879 or thereabouts, and the man who did it was the most skillful conjurer I ever saw in India. Even after I had learned the secret of his illusion I could not help admiring its ingenuity and the dexterity with which it was performed. The juggler and his two comrades chose a spot before the Prince of Wales' statue on the plaza. He first laid down a bag on the hard ground and then drew from it a large bandanna handkerchief. Digging a small hole in the ground with one finger, he buried a pineapple seed, and over this he placed his handkerchief. He carefully smoothed out the cloth, rubbing swiftly from left to right. After this maneuver was ended he made several passes with his arms over the handkerchief, while his comrades beat industriously upon their drums and blew upon their pipes.

"Suddenly, to my surprise, I saw the handkerchief begin to slowly rise in the center and gently sway from side to side as though a plant were really sprouting to life from the seed which he had planted beneath the cloth. When the handkerchief had risen like a tent to a height of about 12 inches, the conjurer stopped his incantations and cautiously lifted up the left hand corner of the cover and peered beneath it. Then, plunging both hands underneath to the accompaniment of loud and discordant music, he threw aside the cloth and showed a full grown pineapple plant.

"This is the way he did the trick, as he afterward admitted to me:

"In smoothing out the cloth he reached into the bag, the mouth of which was conveniently placed near the handkerchief, and whisked out a hooded cobra snake. The moment the reptile was laid down it began to coil. That made the handkerchief rise. When it had reached its full height, its angry hissing meanwhile being drowned by the music of the assistants, the performer looked under the cloth, taking care to draw the corner close to the mouth of the bag. Then he adroitly whisked out a hollow pineapple from the bag underneath the cloth. It was now the work of a minute only to force the snake into the apple, close the aperture, and the trick was done."—Benjamin Northrup in New York Mail and Express.

ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written In the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dinner afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that he was something in the literary way. I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he could not afford the twopence. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go out together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his own part, he said, he would have the reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why damn the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in his manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be ashamed to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in High street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?"

I remember that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me to the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the cell of the recluse. I live here quite retired. There are other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my library in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire in the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, nothing to show that he was a writer.

I do not know how he lived—certainly he did no work at the museum—but he never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Aha!" he said, "now I am going to reveal a secret. You didn't know, nobody at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 30 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, sir, and I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a copy. There, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Work of Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, the public bought four; there remained 446. I have now given you one. There now remain 445. I have bequeathed these to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it takes 50 years, or two generations, for the noblest poets to take their proper place. Greatness—true, stable, solid greatness, not the empty applause given to an ephemeral favorite—requires 50 years at least. Go, sir! Take the book I have given you, and in after years, when I am gone, tell the world that you knew—Paul the Wanderer!" I wrung his hand in silence and left him. More than 50 years have passed since he published that work. No one has yet spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer. But I now understood his dignity, his self respect and his content. He was anticipating and enjoying his future fame. He was living for posterity. Present poverty and neglect were nothing.—Walter Besant in London Queen.

Another Mammoth Statue.

The sculptor Nikolaus Geiger is putting the last touches to his statue of Barbarossa, which is to symbolize the ancient kingdom in the Kyffhauser monument, to be unveiled in 1896. The Barbarossa appears at the end of a vestibule in the style of an ancient castle, on the steps of the throne upon which he is sitting like the sleeping figures of the courtiers, with fabulous animals of the old mythic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his long sleep. In his right hand is his sword; his left hand strokes his long waving beard. Contrary to all other figures of the old hero, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the features of a noble man. The whole monument, hewed from the rock, will be about 80 feet high. The figure of the seated monarch is about 30 feet high. —London Sun.

Lace and Brocade.

If you have any treasured short lengths of old brocade, you may produce them now and make the fronts of one of the long Louis Seize waistcoats of them. And if you are happy enough to possess old lace you can make them up en jabot to wear with the same. It is to mount the lace on bands of muslin, keeping the folds quite soft and using as few stitches as possible. In this way the tender susceptibilities of the fabric are spared, and when the jabot fashion is over and done with the lace remains to be used in some other way.—Fashion Journal.

He Was Tender.

"Young Mr. Softy paralyzed Dr. Simtom when he went to be vaccinated," observed Gaswell to Dukane.

"How was that?"

"He asked the doctor to put him under the influence of anæsthetics."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

UNFEELING WOMEN.

MANY WHO ARE SO CALLED ARE GROSSLY MISUNDERSTOOD.

Women Whom the Present Generation Does Not Appreciate Because It Does Not Understand Them—The Other Type of Woman Who Is Always Affable.

A witty and sympathetic man once said to me, "I would rather marry a woman who looked feelings and had none than a woman who had feelings and looked none." Of course the saying came more from his wit than his sympathy, but I could not help feeling that there were moments when I could agree with him, although I have known the value and the services of the woman with no feelings to be underestimated.

My daughters have a friend—a woman only a little past girlhood—whose company is more sought after and relished than that of almost any one I know. She has admirers by the score and acquaintances everywhere, and no wonder, for she is cultivated, always cheerful and will listen to and rally the poorest talker. She is asked to everything in the shape of a feast, for she is the amusement and relaxation of whoever may be about her. At the same time, whenever her praises are sounded, the eulogy winds up with the inevitable and disheartening tag, "After all, you know, she has no feelings."

And this is perfectly true. Quick and comprehending as is her smile and graceful as is her glance while one is talking to her, there is always the conviction that not a trace of real interest is involved. If she only had a heart, the girl would be an angel.

I like the old fashioned word. And when I have been alone with her I have often wanted to say, "My dear, do be an angel!" But she has no heart. If she were to marry a foreigner and go abroad to live, she would leave us all without a moment's regret. So her friends are vexed with her want of feeling and warn the world against her.

And this is what seems to me unjust.

Take this girl as she is. Whether it is her nature or not, she never refuses the challenge to be agreeable; whatever her own plans and likings are, she never betrays impatience when they are crossed. Her companion may be plain, awkward and tiresome, but her eye and her gay little joke are never dulled for that reason. In fine, she may be the incarnation of the light which shines, but does not warm, yet while she keeps a whole circle in good humor by her wit, as she does, it is a poor return to gird at her.

Again, and speaking now of a widely different type, I can call to mind older women, often only the survivors of a more rigid era—exact, severe, stern, unbending and ruling their households with a rod of iron. How little this generation understands them! How little merit it allows to the implicit faith in duty, the untiring devotion to work, the almost fanatic hatred of waste and self indulgence and the Spartan maxims of life in which they were brought up and which they still observe. What has become of our eyes that we cannot see the beauty of such lives? Why do we no longer recognize their value? These are not the women who have feelings, but look none. They are without feelings at all, according to the standards of our new, diversified and exacting society.

I hear young girls saying that their grandmothers or aunts, or what you please, don't understand them, and really I think that many older people than these schoolgirls make just the same absurd complaint. I can appeal with safety to every one. Who has not known one of these same stern women almost bring the dead to life by her powers of nursing, or confront single handed and maintain her family on a beggar's pittance, or save a falling household by simple economy and hard work? I shall be told that all these things are admitted, but that is just the point—they are not. If they were, the cry of "no feelings" would never be raised, out of very shame.

I know an old lady who has had the misfortune to live a long life and to see all her descendants grow up unable to "understand" her. She is of the old, unsparing sort, and they, artistic, original, clever, modern people, have no place for her either in their theories or their interests. With these her notions can scarcely be expected to agree either, yet the complaints come not from her, but from them. They are not complaints in words. They are complaints crystallized into entire disregard for the old school, which does not, as it cannot, wholly sympathize with them. It seems to take an outsider, like myself, to see what I do see—that without this erect, white haired ancestress, who is apparently so separate from them all, wives and husbands both would have to teach themselves the fortitude which she communicates merely by her presence. Their households would be dragging on without the strong axles, so to speak, which she put in almost unnoticed for each newly married couple, and the whole family, now held together in an unusual vigor, would soon fall apart and be dispersed.

I believe there must be many such cases. I have the deepest respect for these strong, unbending characters who do not conceal their utter intolerance of our self centered modern methods.—May Johnstone in Ladies' Home Journal.

Timber In Water.

Seasoned timber is but little liable to decay under the influence of a dry atmosphere and will resist decomposition for an indefinite period when kept totally submerged in water. The piles of old London bridge, driven 800 years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was erected in 1859, and those which served as the foundation for Trajan's bridge over the Danube, A. D. 105, are said to be still visible at low stages of water.—Toronto Mail.

In Paris it is gravely told that boxes provided with slits are attached to tombstones. Into them are dropped the cards of remembering friends who make the pilgrimage to the graves of the dead.

HOW HE RODE FREE.

HE BEAT AN EASTERN RAILWAY OUT OF $20.

Conductors Were Deceived by Him For More Than a Year—A Simple Scheme Which Required Only Nerve and Self Control—Tricks of Conductors.

There is a well settled belief on the part of most people that the conductors on the steam railroads have an intuitive knowledge of the persons who have not paid their fares, and that, while they may occasionally pass a man without taking up his ticket, so phenomenal is the memory of the average conductor and so well does he remember faces that it is almost impossible to deceive him. While this may sometimes be true, as a rule it is the passenger himself who gives the cue for the conductor's action. The man who deliberately attempts to evade the payment of a fare in nine cases out of ten will by his looks and action say to the conductor, "I have not paid my fare, and I don't intend to." Some conductors with short memories and distrust of their abilities for detecting the frauds will continuously call out the word "tickets" as they pass through the cars, where many changes are taking place between stations, at the same time extending their hand toward each seat. The man who has not paid feels that this is a direct appeal made to himself and responds accordingly. But if this ruse does not succeed in making the would be "beat" deliver up his ticket it so far changes his face and demeanor that he often shows conscious guilt, and his ticket is then peremptorily demanded.

It sometimes happens, however, that even all the tricks and artifices of the conductor will fail, and a man will succeed daily in evading payment of his fare, not merely for weeks, but for months. A remarkable case of this kind was recently observed on the Fitchburg railroad. For more than a year a man employed in one of the large wholesale houses in this city has been taking a train from one of the suburban stations, and acquaintances who rode on the same car were surprised to see that he never paid fare.

At first it was thought that he might have a pass, which the conductor, knowing him well, did not require him to show. But it was learned that he always paid his fare when coming from Boston, when the conductor is sure to demand a fare from every person on the train. Then came the suggestion that he had an understanding with the conductor of the train on which he rode when going to Boston. But it was found that when the conductor was changed to another train and a stranger took his place he also failed to collect fare from the man.

So for weeks the man was watched with much curiosity by the passengers who knew of his success and were curious to see how long it would continue. They saw that he invariably got on the train on the left hand side, so that he could not be observed by the conductor, who stood on the station platform. As soon as he entered the car he took one of the many unoccupied seats next to the window and lost no time in becoming deeply absorbed in the contents of a morning paper. When the conductor came through the train to collect fares from the passengers who got in at this station, this man, instead of ignoring his presence, as most men similarly situated would have done, gave a rapid glance from his paper, looking the official squarely in the eye, and resumed his reading with just the suggestion of impatience at the interruption. The reproof conveyed in that glance, carrying with it a positive assurance that there was no disposition to evade anything, was so emphatic and pronounced that it left no doubt in the mind of the conductor, if he had any before, that the passenger had got on the train at another station and had paid his fare to Boston. There was something about the man's appearance as well as his actions that assisted in the keeping up of this deception. He bore all the evidence of a substantial, honest business man of middle age, and far above evading payment of a 5 cent fare. But it was singular that day after day a sharp and discriminating conductor should be so easily deceived, and apparently against his own convictions, for on several occasions he reached for a fare, but was checked in his advances by that reproachful look with which he was confronted.

But the end came at last, on that train at least. Either the conductor's suspicions were so completely aroused that he determined to satisfy himself whether he was being imposed upon, or else some one had called his attention to the deceit practiced, for one morning he reached out his hand for the fare, but received only the swift and impatient glance. This did not satisfy him, for when the man returned to the perusal of his paper he was tapped on the shoulder and his fare demanded in no uncertain terms. A commutation ticket was reluctantly produced, punched without comment and returned to the pocket whence it was taken. The next morning the passengers watched curiously for the next move in the game, but the man had evidently given up the contest on that train, for he has not been seen on it since. As he was known to have evaded paying fare on that train daily for more than a year, it was roughly estimated that the Fitchburg Railroad company was thus defrauded out of not less than $20.—Boston Transcript.

I Snuff; You Sneeze.

"What on airth do you want money to go to the show fur?" exclaimed Mr. Haicede to his wife.

"I don't see why I mightn't go and enjoy myself once in awhile, same as you do."

"Same as I do? Good lands, woman! Every time I go to a show, don't I come back and tell you about everything I seen? What more do you want?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Changing Colors of Glass.

In lecturing on the ruby at the Royal institution, London, recently Professor John W. Judd, the well known English geologist, alluded to the changes in color which certain kinds of glass undergo when exposed to light. The green glass panes in the conservatories at Kew gradually change through shades of yellow to a purplish hue under the action of light. Rubies change color in a curious way under the action of heat. Bluish rubies turn green and on cooling regain their original tint. The blue sapphire turns white, and the yellow corundum crystal becomes green.

BOUGHT FREEDOM WITH DEATH.

Nez Perce Horses Followed Their Leader Over the Cliff.

The hardy little Nez Perce horse is quite well known in a way, but few people know what remarkable courage and sagacity he has. When the Indian war swept the Nez Perce country, the Indians gathered about 5,000 horses into a valley that fronted on the steep bluffs of the Columbia river, and there, with the great white mountains at their back, prepared to make their last desperate stand.

In the battle that followed they were defeated, and the small fraction of them that remained unkilled put to flight. The horses, shut in by the steep mountains on the one side and the steep river bluff on the other, had to be left behind.

When the battle had closed, the soldiers of the volunteers (for only a part were regulars) made a rush for the horses, but they could not lay hands on one of them or approach them.

And now for the first time it was noticed that they were under a boy herder. The boy was unarmed, entirely naked and as red as copper.

The boy had no bridle, but wove his hands into the mane, and thus guided his black horse at will at the head of the herd.

The volunteers dropped on their knees here and there around the edge of the circle and began to fire at the boy. At last a bullet struck him. His body flew high into the air and then fell and rolled in the dust.

The horses now divided as they came by. Their nostrils were distended at the smell of blood, and their eyes ablaze at the sight of their young keeper in the dust.

On the second round, after the boy fell, the black leader seemed to run sidewise, his eyes fastened to his little dead master until they looked frightful from under the black mane.

He plunged on around and came to the very edge of the beetling basalt bluff. Then there was a sight as of a sculptured image of a horse poised in midair, and a mad, wild cry, such as a horse makes but once—a cry indescribable—that filled the valley.

Men looked away, and when they looked back the black statue was gone. Then, faithful to the leader, over the bluff into the foaming white water went another horse.

And then 10, 50, 500, the whole 5,000! Not one of all the herd was left to the invading victors, and the stream was literally choked with the dead.—Joaquin Miller.

PORTLAND'S SMALLEST HOUSE.

Three Rooms Crowded Into Space Not Large For One.

For upward of 10 years Portland has had within its corporate limits one of the smallest dwelling houses in this broad land of ours. At first glance it might be mistaken for a playhouse, as it stands alone in the center of the block on Northrup street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth.

The place has a history, and many of Portland's residents have made themselves familiar with it by personal inquiry and investigation. About 10 years ago, so the story goes, a seafaring man happened in the northwest portion of the city before streets had been opened and graded, and, struck by the beauty of the surroundings, determined to build himself an abode in which to pass his declining years.

The builder endeavored to make his home as much like ships' quarters as possible, and in this he succeeded admirably. The house contains three rooms—kitchen, dining room and bedroom—and occupies a patch of ground about 10 by 12 feet. It stands about 9 feet in height. The kitchen is just large enough to accommodate a cook stove and table, and the dining room is sufficiently large to allow two persons to move about. The parlor and bedroom combined contains a couch, two chairs and a table and resembles the stateroom of an ocean steamer. The bed, or berth, is located three or four feet above the floor on a chest of drawers and is hidden from view by handsome lace draperies. By lowering a panel on the opposite side of the room a bright array of chinaware is exposed to view, and the panel itself may be used as a table or writing shelf.—Portland Telegram.

May Outshine Her Mother.

The little daughter of Harriet A. Ketchum, the late Iowa sculptress, is said to already display marked artistic ability. Unlike her mother, however, her sensitive nature finds its best expression in music rather than clay and marble. This little girl it was who was born to Mrs. Ketchum shortly after the completion of the famous statue of the "Peri" in Rome, and who thus has every right to share in her mother's love of art. Her name is, romantically enough, Roma Beatrice, and it was her small fingers that unveiled the "Peri" at the World's fair last year, the loyal Iowans having loaned it to adorn their state building. Mrs. Ketchum's last and largest achievement—a magnificent design for a soldiers' monument, completed just before her death in 1890—is one of the "sights" of Burlington, Ia.

The Boy Agassiz.

Louis Agassiz was so expert a fisherman when a little boy he could catch them in his hand, fascinating them first by strange motions of his fingers. He kept a number of pet fish in a stone basin behind his father's house and was clever at taming field mice and all sorts of little animals and insects. He was an expert little cobbler and cooper, could make water tight barrels as well as a man and manufactured pretty shoes for his sisters' dolls.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Charmed by a Snake.

Snakes travel a good deal on their reputation. They scare birds and small animals so they become helpless. We all know this to be a fact. And then when they get in a tight place with a man they try to run a bluff on him. A lawyer in our town once met a rattlesnake down in the Ozarks and began to experiment, or rather to let the snake experiment, to see if there was anything in the snake charming theory. He said that the snake's eyes got brighter and brighter, and his scales became glistening, and his body seemed to swell up a little thicker, and the whole outfit became so engrossing that he finally ran away from the snake in a dead scare and didn't get over it for a good while after. He told me that it was his belief that if he had kept company with that snake much longer he would have lost his wits.—Forest and Stream.

Subscribe for the NORTHWEST—$1.00.

RECORD OF A TEXAS DESPERADO.

The Graves of His Victims Were Scattered From Dodge City to Santa Fe.

The man who told the story between the puffs of his cigar was from Texas.

"Clay Allison's life was a tragic romance," he began. "Clay Allison was a desperado. He lived in the Red river country in the Panhandle. His trigger finger was busiest in the early eighties. His record was 21. He boasted of it. Twenty-one dead men, whose graves were scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe! I myself saw him kill Bill Chunk, a bad man, who shot people just for the fun of seeing them fall. The two men had no cause for quarrel. They were the prize killers of the same section of the country. It was a spirit of rivalry which made them swear to shoot each other on sight. Their friends bet on the result of their first chance rencounter. They met one night at a crossroad inn in New Mexico and sat down at tables opposite each other, with their drawn six shooters resting on their laps beneath their napkins. A plate of oysters on the shell had just been set before Chunk, when he dropped his hand in careless fashion and sent a ball at Allision beneath the table. Quick as a leap of lightning Allison's gun replied. A tiny red spot between Chunk's eyes marked where the bullet entered. The dead man rolled over on the table and was still, with his face downward in the dish of oysters.

"Allision was a large cattle owner. He went on a drive to Kansas City once, and while there fell in love, married and took the woman to his home in the west to live. A child was born to them—a child whose face was as beautiful as the face of a cherub, but whose poor little body was horribly deformed. Allison loved the child with the great love of his passionate nature. In the babe's twisted and misshapen form his superstitious mind read a meaning as significant as that of the message which the divine hand wrote on the palace of the king of old in Babylon. God, he thought, had visited a curse upon him for his sins. He quit his wild ways. He drank no more. No man ever after the birth of his child fell before his deadly pistols. He was completely changed.

"In the new life which followed he devoted himself with absorbing energy to his business interests. He became rich in time. Ten thousand cattle on the Texas ranges bore his brand. A few years ago he was driving from his ranch in a heavy road wagon to town. The front wheels jolted down into a deep rut. Allison was pitched headforemost to the ground. His neck was broken. The team jogged on into the distance and left him lying there dead and alone upon the prairie."—Kansas City Times.

India has had 24 governors general, Warren Hastings being the first.